

THE SORROWFUL WAY

DEFAREADER GHADER FE

Nihil obstat MICHAEL HICKEY, S.T.D

Imprimi Potest: * Gulielmus, Archiep. Dublinen.



NOVEMBER, 1919.

Annual Subscription to THE CROSS, Four Shillings and Sixpence post free, payable in advance.

Business Letters to be addressed to the Manager, Mt. Argus, Dublin. Literary Communications to the Editor, at the same address. Unsuitable MSS. will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped

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Miscellanea.

In early Christian times special days were consecrated to martyrs, and to St. John the

All Saints

Baptist, only; the anniversary of the martyrdom being usually celebrated at the place where it occurred. But

so many suffered for the Faith during the persecution of Diocletian that a separate feast could not be assigned to each, and the Church appointed a common day for all martyrs. The festival of All Saints was instituted, as Pope Urban said, "to supply any deficiencies in the faithful in the celebration of saints' feasts during the year," whether martyrs or not, and whether known or unknown. Pope Boniface the Fourth consecrated the

Pantheon at Rome to the Blessed Virgin and all the martyrs, and Pope Gregory the Third consecrated a chapel in St. Peter's to all the saints, and fixed the 1st November as their feast day. Gregory the Fourth extended the celebration to the entire Church, and Pope Sixtus the Fourth added the octave.

In the primitive Church the names of the faithful de-

All Soul's a name der signifying being a kin

parted were entered in the diptychs, a name derived from the Greek words signifying to fold twice; the diptych being a kind of note-book formed by the union of two tablets, placed one

upon another, and united by a hinge, or rings. In the sixth century Benedictine communities held a commemoration of deceased members at Whitsuntide. In Germany many similar commemorations were held on the 1st October. St. Odilo of Cluny ordered general prayers for the dead to be held annually in all monasteries of his order. Of the dioceses, Liège was the first to adopt the pious custom. In the Greek Church All Soul's Day is kept on the eve of Sexagesima Sunday, or on the eve of Pentecost.

THE ancient Irish divided the year into summer and

winter—samrath and gheimrath—summer beginning in May and ending in November, for which reason

Summer End ing in November, for which reason November used to be called Samfain, or summer-end. In the reign

of Charles the First Christmas rejoicings were begun on All Hallow Eve in certain quarters, as for instance, among the students of the Middle Temple.

The Lisbon earthquake of 1755, one of the most appal-

Ing ever known, from point of view of loss of human life, took place on All Saints' Day. The greater number of the houses were destroyed by shock, of which there was no other.

warning than a rumbling noise of a few seconds' duration. Thirty thousand persons were crushed among the ruins, in the space of two or three minutes. As the shocks continued the damage extended, nearly sixty

thousand people perishing miserably. The churches were all filled at the time, and falling, crushed the congregations. Over a thousand were killed by the collapse of the hospital, and eight hundred by the destruction of the prison. The sea retired from the harbour, leaving the bar dry, and then came rolling back again as a mighty wave, fifty or sixty feet high, sweeping to their deaths the crowds that had taken refuge on the quay. The shock of the Lisbon earthquake was felt at Loch Lomond in Scotland.

The programme arranged for the 1919-20 session of the Cork Young Men's Society shows that the responsible officials of the Society are maintaining its excellent record for the provision of literary and musical treats during the winter months. His Lordship, the Most Rev. Dr. Cohalan heads the programme with an Inaugural Address entitled, "The Movement towards Union among the Churches of the Reform." During the session addresses will be delivered by eminent lecturers, and "musical nights" will be given under the auspices of the leading Professors of Music. Altogether, the mem-

lence of the winter's programme.

bers of the society are to be congratulated on the excel-

THE Secretary of the Catholic Prisoners' Aid Society,

A Warning to Irish Girls

Liverpool, has issued a warning to Irish girls who seek situations in England. It would appear that unreliable advertisements are issued in order to lure girls away from their

native land, and traps are set for them, with the result that both their faith and morals are ruined. This is not the first time that warnings of this nature have been given, but alas! in but too many instances they have been unheeded. We cannot understand how parents or guardians permit these young girls to leave their protection before instituting rigorous inquiries regarding the character of their employers and their surroundings. It is saddening to think that notwithstanding the diminished population of Ireland there should still be a necessity for the daughters of Ireland to seek employ-

ment elsewhere. The causes that have contributed to the exodus of the Gael are well known, and form the darkest pages in the world's history. The fear that there is a likelihood of their children being driven into the underworld of English cities should prove a more than sufficient reminder to Irish parents to keep them at home. We would, therefore, urge in the strongest possible manner on our Irish girls to stay in their own land, and thus avoid the manifold dangers that beset them in a strange country.

* * * *

Protests have been made frequently against the pro-

Objectionable Plays duction of objectionable plays in Dublin theatres. The deputation from the Irish Vigilance Association which waited recently on the Corporation proved that there is still

necessity to exercise supervision over these performances if the morals of our people are to be safeguarded. The Vigilance Association deserves the support of all rightminded citizens in their endeavour to preserve the Dublin stage from unsavoury performances, and thus help to maintain the fair fame of our capital. The crusade against immoral plays and bad literature deserves every encouragement, and the members of the Vigilance Committee are fulfilling a noble duty in their endeavour to crush these evils.

AT LAST.

A LTHOUGH the soul be never so cast down,
There still is something to rejoice upon;
Some little kindness to another done,
Some cheering word to smile away a frown.
Oh, there is plenteous sorrow in the town,
And misery enough for everyone!
So joy, for fractious time will soon be gone,

And all his mean despites for ever flown!

Save sorrow; sorrow of itself makes ending
In sorrowing with others who are sad!

Spend joy, for joy is saved in the spending,
And others gladdening thou shalt to be glad!

So, though the soul be never so downcast,
There shall be plenteous happiness at last.

EDMUND B. FITZGERALD.

The Visions of St. Fursey.

By J. M. FLOOD, B.L.

THE great mediæval literature descriptive of Heaven and Hell appears to have taken its inspiration from Irish sources. The soul's journey after death was a favourite subject with the most ancient Celtic poets, and they sung of the life beyond the grave, and of the existence of a mysterious land where the dead had their abode. Their Elysium was a land of youth, happiness and immortality, sometimes described as being situated under the sea; at others as being under the earth or on distant isles of the ocean. Some of the oldest Irish legends tell of the spirits of the departed who had returned to describe their existence in the other world. From the seventh century onward there is a series of visions gradually becoming more detailed and precise as time went on of the great journey which has been described by the pen of Dante. The idea of travels in the other world, and of descriptions of Hell and Heaven as they appeared to writers of the Middle Ages were popularised on the Continent by wandering Irish missionaries and teachers. It has been observed that nearly all the early visions of Hell and Purgatory come from Irishmen, or from Anglo-Saxons who had resided in Ireland, such as St. Fursey, Tundal, Drythelm and Knight Owen. Such visions and allegorical poems became one of the most striking features in ancient literature. There can be noticed in the course of the centuries a gradual development in the character of the narrative, and the modification of the primitive simplicity of the earliest visions by the growing familiarity with classical imagery. The visions of St. Fursey were the earliest of their class, and were amongst the most popular and widespread legends in the ages preceding Dante. Certain interesting parallelisms may be observed between them and the Divina Commedia, and the fact that the Venerable Bede speaks with such reverence of St. Fursey is an additional reason for supposing that Dante was acquainted with them. The framework of the Divine Comedy may thus be added to the number of poetical themes for which European literature is indebted to the Celtic genius.

St. Fursey, who was the son of Fintan, Prince of South Munster, received his education at the monastery founded by his uncle, St. Brendan, the Navigator, on the island of Inisquin in Lough Corrib. When he grew to manhood he embraced the religious life in this monastery during the abbacy of St. Meldan. After some years he became himself the founder of a monastery at Killursa on the shore of Lough Corrib. He soon acquired a wide reputation, on account of the great sanctity of his life, and the wonderful acts which he performed. Religious men came to him from all quarters, amongst them his own brothers Foillan and Ultan, all of whom he strove to imbue with his own spirit of holiness. Whilst on a journey to his father's house in Munster he was seized with a deathlike trance from the ninth hour of the day until cockcrow on the following day, and while in this state he saw the first of the visions which rendered him famous in Ireland and Europe. In this vision he heard choirs of angels singing "the Saints will go from strength to strength, the God of gods will appear in Sion." At the sound of the crowing of the cock, when the roseate light of morning illumined his face, the angelic music suddenly ceased, and he became again conscious of

earthly things.

On the third night following he again beheld a vision in which he saw the angels, and heard their songs of sweetness and delight. Three of the angels bore him upwards past sight of home. Then he heard the wailing and crying of demons, and beheld a great army of them rolling onward as a dark cloud against him. One of these as he passed said, "come let us make war against him." They cast burning darts at him, but these fell powerless before the shields of the angels who bore Fursey. One of the angels bade the demons not to hinder them on their way, for Fursey was no son of perdition like them. The demons were crushed in the contest with the angels, who bore Fursey onward until he could see beneath him a dark valley in which four fires were burning. The angel told him that the first fire burned the souls of men who had loved falsehood. In the other three fires were burned the souls of the avaricious, of those who had been fomenters of strife and discord, and of those who thought it nothing to despoil the weak and defraud the poor. The flames

increased as they approached, and extended to meet one another, so that they became one great flame. When they drew near Fursey became afraid, but the angel told him to have no fear, as that which he had not kindled would not burn him, and that although the fire was great and terrible it only searched and tried the souls of those who, being inflamed by unlawful passions, had earned just punishment. As they approached the fire was cloven in two, and it rose in high walls on either side to allow their passage. In the fire Fursey saw demons flying about and fighting terribly, and some approached to throw darts at him, but they were driven back by the angel at his side. The demons contended six times for the soul of Fursey, but each time they were vanquished by the angels who accom-

panied him.

When the demons had been conquered, the angels rejoiced, and a great light shone around Fursey. He heard the choirs of heaven singing, and thought within himself that henceforth no labour could be too hard, no time too long to seek the joy and sweetness of eternity. He saw about him the heavenly hosts of angels, and Beoan and Meldan, two saints who had lived in his own country, came forth from amongst them and spake with him as a friend, each telling him his name. St. Meldan told Fursey of the famine and pestilence which were about to fall on Ireland. The famine was to be of two kinds, the dearth of wisdom, when men understood but did not fulfil the Lord's word; and the dearth of wealth, when men stored riches in abundance but yet desired more, since money did not satisfy the avaricious. Although the wrath of the Supreme Judge overhung such men yet His anger chiefly burned against the teachers of His Church through whose neglect and bad example faithful souls were lost, and whose work was left half done. Some of these, if chaste, were avaricious; others, if gentle, were weak; others provoked anger, being themselves too easily provoked thereto; others were vain-glorious of God's gifts, as if they had earned them by the pain of their hands; others were idle, and ceased to grow in virtue. They who thought lightly of these shortcomings were enemies of souls rather than teachers, and they should practise humiliation for their pride, benevolence for envy, confession of truth for false witness.

St. Beoan then addressed Fursey, and told him to be a faithful steward, temperate in all things, for though the poor and needy and the prisoners may beg, the rich should give to those that are in want. There should be no discord in the Church of God, and those in monasteries should eat their own bread, working in silence. There were some men who, loving retirement, hid themselves and the light of their good example from the world, keeping secret the good they did; others in the business and strife of the world let the poison of covetousness enter their hearts. Therefore, they should neither be always in retirement, nor yet always in the world; when alone, they should keep their hearts with diligence, obeying the divine commandments, and when in public, they should be intent on the salvation of souls. And though all might oppose and fight against them, they should give good for evil, and with a pure heart pray for their enemies. He who hath resignation in his heart could change the fierceness of wild beasts to gentleness. No sacrifice of works was so acceptable to God as a patient and a gentle heart, to which, God helping it, adversity and loss were gain. Having thus spoken, and having bade him announce these things in Ireland, the two saints were received into heaven with the celestial company of angels. Then Fursey was borne back by the angels through the flames, which parted again at his approach. And when he was about to resume his body, they told him to continue his good course to the end, that they might receive him prosperous and blessed. Arising from his deep sleep, he looked around amazed at the change, and at the greatness of the recompense of those who entered the regions of the blessed. Afterwards he always took care, as he had done before, to persuade all men to the practice of virtue as well by his example as by his preaching. He would only relate his visions to those who from holy zeal and desire for reformation wished to learn them.

After his vision St. Fursey went into Munster, in order to find some member of his own family to place at the head of his monastery, and he gave up the care of its administration to devote himself to preaching. He travelled for a year amongst the people of the islands of Ireland until the day came round which was the anniversary of that on which he had seen the vision.

That same night he saw again the Angel of the Lord, who gave him instructions for preaching, and told him that his apostolic labours would last for twelve years. This period was spent in preaching in Ireland, and afterwards Fursey retired to an island of the sea. Thither came three brothers whom he had ordained, and who told him of a vision in which they had seen Christ, who said unto them, "Come unto Me all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." Having taken counsel together, and, remembering the words of Christ, "Unless a man forsake father and mother, and even his own life, he cannot be My disciple," they resolved to set forth together, and preach on foreign shores. They set sail from Ireland and arrived at Burgh Castle in East Anglia, where Fursey, who was honourably received by King Sigebert, softened the hearts of many unbelievers, and confirmed in the faith and love of God those who already believed. He founded a monastery at Burgh Castle on land granted by the King. For some years he preached the Gospel there, until the country began to be disturbed by foreign invasions, and he resolved to go to France. He sailed with his companions to the mouth of the Somme, and travelled through Picardy to Lagny on the Marne. Here he erected a monastery on land granted to him by Erchenwald, Mayor of the Palace to King Clovis. Having acquired great fame on account of his visions and his sanctity, he died about 650, and was buried at Peronne. The brethren whom he brought with him formed the nucleus of a celebrated Irish monastery at Lagny, and this was recruited during his own lifetime from his countrymen, to whom the fame of his labours had reached, and the report of the great monastery which he had founded abroad. The succession of the monks was maintained by Irishmen until more than a century after Fursey's death, as the Four Masters mention in 774 the death of Moenan, son of Cormac, Abbot of Cathair Fursa in France.

The Immortality of Artists.

By REV. H. E. G. ROPE, M.A.

JPON the centenary of Dickens, Punch produced a cartoon entitled, "The Immortals," in which the novelist, standing under a stair-foot gaslight, proudly shows to Thackeray a printed announcement of the coming celebrations, to which the shadowy rival replies "I shall be with you—in spirit." Was Punch, then, consciously irreverent! I think not. It is merely one more instance of the invincible inconsequence of the woolly Anglo-Saxon mind—the mind which believes that the world languishes in admiration of the British Empire, and looks upon the rulers of Ireland as the most glorious champions and spokesmen of civilisation.

Objectively viewed—were the Protestant mind but capable of an objective view—the words above cited are both impious and silly. Napoleon, I have read, once questioned a scholar upon the plain meaning of literary immortality, and closed the discussion with "a fig for such immortality" Is not this the verdict of common-

sense?

Horace, the typical pagan, vaunted his monumentum were perennius, and certainly his work is like to endure as long as any merely human achievement. But what of it all? What if an author should be read, a monument admired, for 20 or 40, or even 50, centuries? Quid ad ceternitatem? They have claimed immortality, deathlessness. Twenty centuries or more is certainly a very long time. But time itself, all time—shrinks to a point at the touch of eternity. What a miserable hyperbole, then, to call time eternity! When Blessed Thomas More was urged by his wife to buy his enlargement from prison at the price of his soul, he asked, "and how long, my dear Alice, do you think I shall live?" "If God will," she replied, "you may live for twenty years." Then you would have me barter eternity for twenty years! You are not skilful at a bargain, my wife: if you had said twenty thousand years, you might have said something to the purpose; but, even then, what is that to eternity?" (The English Martyrs (C.T.S.), p. 19.)

Again, Ennius cried, "volito vivu" per ora virum." And the ora virum? "The bubble reputation!" What more futile in a being with a destiny truly immortal than "to hang upon the blast of men's mouths?" And who has expressed this more grandly than the master sculptor Michel Angelo in his master sonnet, at the close of a long and triumphant career?

The Catholic artist looks beyond this world. This was clearly seen by the half-Christian, Robert Brown-

ing:

"If such his soul's capacities Even while he trod the earth—think, now What pomp in Buonarotti's brow, With its new palace-brain where dwells Superb the soul, unvexed by cells That crumbled with the transient clay! What visions will his right hand's sway Still turn to form, as still they burst Upon him? How will he quench thirst Titanically infantine, Laid at the breast of the Divine?"

(Easter Day, xxvi.)

The artists of Christendom have other titles to immortality. If their work is of God, and they are crowned with final perseverance, then their work is part of their merit; touched with the Eternal Sacrifice, it has merited for Heaven.

But if their work be not of God, if it be the price of their soul, the wages of their servitude unto God's enemy, what then? Is it any consolation to the damned that men read their thoughts, or erect them statues? To know that their own legacy is destroying souls in each succeeding generation will increase their anguish and punishment in eternity. Deathless masterpieces? Yes, deathless as hell-fire!

In words of terrible and naked power, Newman has written of such a one. "The man's name, perhaps, is solemnly chanted forth, and his memory decently cherished among his friends on earth. His readings in speech, his fertility in thought, his sagacity, or his wisdom, are not forgotten. Men talk of him from time to time; they appeal to his authority; they quote his words; perhaps they even raise a monument to his name, or write his history. . . . Oh, vanity! vanity of vanities, all is vanity! What profiteth it? What profiteth

it? His soul is in hell. Oh, ye children of men, while

thus ye speak, his soul is in the beginning of those torments in which his body will soon have part, and which will never die." (Discourses to Mixed Congregations, p. 37.)

But if the artist die contrite and absolved after a life of squandered talents, how stands the case? Rabelais, who wrote so many pages that reek with praise of ungodliness—who will not hope that he died penitent? But mark what follows. If he died in the grace of God, what sharper torment for him in purgatory than the memory of those filthy chapters the suffering soul would fain recall and cannot? The harvest of sin springs up on earth—and his own hand has sown it!

What avail all the decrees of all the academies of all the centuries against the irrevocable, adorable and everlasting judgments of the Master of life and death, of Whom and in Whom alone is immortality? "All men are vain, in whom there is not the knowledge of God." "Now this is eternal life; that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."

ALL SOUL'S DAY.

OUR Dead—Lord hearken to our prayer For those we love the best, Our cherished dead, Lord, grant they share To-day eternal rest. Ah! pardon Thou each suffering one, Make them for ever Thine, And let them see Thee and Thy Son Vision thrice blest, divine; Jesus hath suffered, Jesus hears, Lord, in His name we crave Mercy, forgiveness, 'midst our tears-He Who hath died can save. Our dead—aye, martyred dead—to-day, Sin must atoned for be. Grant, Lord, eternal rest, we pray, All who now die for Thee. Mother of sorrows, succour send Souls whom we mourn for, miss, Thy tender heart can e'er befriend, Lead to eternal bliss.

ISABEL BURKE.

The Forge in the Glen.

BY MARGARET CUNNINGHAM.

"Oh! the days of the Kerry dancing, Oh! the ring of the piper's tune, Oh! for one of those hours of gladness. Gone, alas! like our youth too soon."

Thas been a beautiful autumn day in late September. Shades of evening begin to set their seal upon the face of the departing day. On top of the Kerry hills the rays of the evening sun now linger, tipping their heights with shades of crimson and gold. Above a distant peak the mighty traveller sits enthroned, like a monarch in all his glory. His glowing orbs dart fiery lights across the evening sky. Like a rosy trail they stretch across the heavenly pathway, until their reflection in the distant ocean causes the sparkling waters to dance and gleam like crimson lights. In a valley adjoining the little village of Ballykeen, the hum of day gives way to the calm and peace of eventide. In the cornfields, where the grain lies now in readiness for the mill, the busy harvesters have ceased their toil. Across their shoulders they sling their coats and scythes, as they hasten homewards for their evening meal. Tired though they be, they are content and happy, for work well done always brings its own reward. Their sudden laughter, caused by one of their quick-witted companions, rings out joyously on the evening breeze. Scarcely has the fun subsided, when the cross-roads are reached. Here they separate, some following the mountain path, while the remainder turn in the direction of Tim Mulcahy's forge. It stands at the edge of a boreen, overlooking one of the most beautiful glens, that, like many of its kind in Ireland, remains completely hidden from the vulgar eye of the tripper, and only reveals its charms to these simple sons of the soil. As the harvesters saunter down the narrow, white road leading by the forge, their happy, gay expression gives way to a sober glance as Tim Mulcahy appears at the open door. Their fervent salutation, "God save you, Tim," only evokes a faint response from the careworn man, who looks as if trouble had marked him for her own. They pass by, their hearts full of sympathy for the smith, whose story is so well known around the countryside.

Tim remains motionless in the evening shadows, his face drawn and haggard from long illness and trouble. Fifty years have scarcely passed over his head, and already he has the appearance of an old man. Depression has aged him, leaving him before his time, with gaunt frame and drooping shoulders as if hope had died within his breast. The beauty of the autumn evening, which, a year before, would have called forth his ardent praise, now remains unnoticed. His heart is full of tears as he stands engrossed in deepest thought. Sounds of a galloping horse fast approaching, break upon his sorrowful reverie. Involuntarily his shoulders straighten while a spirited look deepens in his eyes. In the rider he recognises the agent, MacClure, for the Castledonnell estate, whose master is one of those absentee landlords, who neglect their duties, and place implicit reliance in their imported hirelings. The horse is brought to a standstill outside the forge door, while the

thin rasping voice of the insignificant-looking rider calls out sharply:

"Is that you, Mulcahy?"

"Yes," the smith replies, without altering his position.

"Well, I halted to tell you, your lease expires in a very short time, and unless it is renewed by 1st November, out you go." With this parting shot the agent digs his spurs into the horse's

sides, and gallops away into the gathering gloom.

The heart of the smith contracts as the rider disappears. "Only a month," he mutters despairingly, "before ruin stares us in the face. O my God what shall we do, with no money, no friends, and no help to stave off the awful spectre of doom that is lying in wait to crush us?" He leans against the door-post, while his eyes wander round, peering in the darkening gloom at the little homestead, which in a short time may be his no more. The time passes by unheeded, as his mind travels back, wandering down the milestones of his life. Five and twenty years have flown, and it seems but yesterday, since he brought home his happy bride to the forge that has ever been in the Mulcahy family. Even now the memories of those joyous, glad days are as fresh and green in his mind, as the time when the piper played his merry reels in the barn behind the little forge. A tender smile plays round his lips as he recalls them all. Five and twenty years of happiness and contentment, during which time they have seen their curly haired Eily, develop into a winsome maiden to be the pride and sunshine of their home. But now, all is changed. Sickness and sorrow have set their blight upon the family, robbing them of the means of livelihood. Yet love remains. As he thinks of his wife and daughter in the cottage close by, trying to keep the spectre of want from the door, and making the home as cheerful as possible, he utters a grateful prayer. Only a year has passed since he has been deprived of his health and strength. He shudders at the memory of those weary months of pain, when he lay in the grip of a deadly sickness, out of which he now emerges, shattered in health and broken in spirit, the ghost of his former self. No one would recognise in him the cheery smith, whose forge was the favourite rendezvous, in which the glensmen gathered, when their work was over to discuss the topics of the day. Now it must pass into the strangers' hands, and never again shall he hear the sound of the anvil, nor watch the flying sparks careering round as he laboured at his honest toil. At the thought of the cross he is forced to carry a groan escapes his lips. All the savings put by for the rainy day, by his thrifty wife, have proved inadequate to meet the heavy expenses incurred by long illness and absence from work. Treasured objects in the home have disappeared to provide nourishment for the invalid. Worse still, the tools in the forge have been sacrificed to cheat Death of his prey. No wonder his heart is sore as he gazes on the four, bare walls of his workshop bereft of all his means of living. Even the little money earned hard by Eily's fingers barely suffices to keep the home together. And the boy, whom he adopted and reared as an idolised son, and who should be near in their hour of need, has been long a wanderer on far-off shores, led thither by his roving disposition. No hope appears on the horizon to tide over the misfortunes he and his have now to bear. With a heavy sigh he steps wearily from the deserted forge, and to the cottage

walks with lagging feet, to break to his wife and daughter the agent's message—a task which wrings his heart with pain.

The scene is in another clime. The harvest moon hangs low in Canadian skies. Its deep, golden radiance lingers softly over the great forests of the west, throwing into vast relief the shadows caused by the towering pines. The stillness of the night is broken by the sounds of the forest animals, scurrying through the moss and brushwood, seeking cover for the night. In the distance the roaring noise of the turbulent rapids comes faintly across the moonlit air. Outside a log hut in the heart of the wilds, two lumbermen are resting upon a wooden bench. The hour is late, but it affects them not, as they sit in silence enjoying their welcome smoke. Both are young and free from care. Exposure to the sun and wind has bronzed their features to a healthy tan. They are fine specimens of young manhood, as they sit in the warm moonlight, with necks exposed, and sleeves tucked up above their elbows, displaying their brawny arms. In the corners of their eyes the gleam of humour lurks revealing their nationality. They are firm friends from the day eight years ago, they found themselves aboard a steamer, emigrants bound for Canadian soil. By dint of patient toil and hardships overcome, they have laboured at the lumbering trade, climbing steadily the stiff ladder of success until their goal is reached. Now, their labour is at an end, and their partnership dissolved. Having reaped the reward of industry, they find themselves on this September night, enriched and independent, their means exceeding their happiest expectations. They sit wrapped in profound thought, dwelling on the circle of events that has led to their present position. The great silence of the brooding wild lends itself to clarity of vision as they ponder over their varied experiences. Through all their toil and labour, they have never lost consciousness of the inner voice that speaks of home. Suppressed it may have been in the fight for fortune, but they realise it is a potent force claiming recognition. In the recesses of their minds it has lain dormant, ever waiting for an opportunity to call these wandering exiles home. To-night, thoughts of the motherland are very vivid, as they picture to themselves the welcome that lies before them in their native glens on their return. After a prolonged silence, Terry O'Neill rises from his seat, and moving a few paces away, stands gazing far into the moonlight night. Eventually, he turns to his companion and speaks:

'Thady, a chara, it is good to feel we shall soon be able to see our native shores again. Homesickness has been gradually stealing a march upon me, and I'm longing for the sight of our island's changing skies, and the warm hearts that beat beneath them."

Thady O'Sullivan stretches his legs out of their cramped position, and looks to where his companion stands with a far away

expression in his eyes.

"You have voiced my own sentiments," he replies. "It will be sweet to tread the old sod once more. I have been thinking of the many changes that must be evident in my native valley since I saw it last. And yet, I'm hoping that the forge and its surroundings wherein my happy boyhood days were spent, may be still the same. What a proud moment it will be, when I'll share my wealth with Tim Mulcahy for all his former care and goodness!

In all our wanderings I have refrained from speaking about myself, but to-night the floodgates of memory seem to open, and I feel in the mood for confidences." Rising from his seat he joins his companion, and linking an arm in his, they saunter down the lonely trail. "My parents I barely remember," he continues. Both were orphans and belonged to Ballykeen. When I was a tiny child, they were crushed to death beneath a fallen boulder, in a sudden storm that swept the Kerry coast, one wild winter's night many years ago. My father and Tim Mulcahy, the village blacksmith, had been friends from boyhood, and on my father's death he adopted me. I never missed affection in his home, for Tim and his wife lavished upon me their parental love. I was just as dear to them as their daughter, Eily. We were playmates in our childhood days and I was always her willing slave. When she grew into a winsome cailin my affection deepened into something greater, and it was principally for her sake I determined to cross the ocean and seek a fortune. When I return I hope to get my reward, and win her for my wife. I have grown tired of wandering and wish to settle in the old land again. Often in my lonely hours, I have hungered for the happy, summer evenings in the glen at home, when the boys and girls would gather at the cross-roads, and dance the time away to Sean the piper's tunes. Oh! how the merry laughter would ring out gaily on the sunlit air. In my ears it echoes now, bringing back my happy childhood. And no fairer picture could be seen than Eily, as she danced our native reels, her dark eyes sparkling, and her graceful figure keeping time to the merry tunes. I wonder shall I see those happy faces all again. I have kept silent all the time waiting to spring my glad surprise on my return to the forge. After so many years of roving, my heart thrills at the thought of the warmth of their welcome. How Tim's kindly face will glow with honest pride when he learns of my success! And Eily and her mother, too, God bless them! Their reception will well repay the years of exile."

Terry listens in sympathetic silence to his friend's narrative until he is finished. Then he speaks, his voice acquiring deeper

notes from depth of feeling:

"My widowed mother in Connemara will be equally glad to see me home again. Her kind, old eyes will shine with happiness when she welcomes the wanderer back. They have been often strained watching for one who has ever proved unworthy of her affection. But long absence has proved to me the worth of a mother's love, and I'll make amends in the coming years, for all the privations she has suffered for my sake. The memory of them all shall be wiped away in the ease and comfort with which I shall surround her declining days. If we hasten with our business and have it settled satisfactorily, we should be in Ireland before the end of October."

With hearts lightened from exchange of confidences they return to their log cabin. On the way, the strains of a Kerry song come softly from Thady's lips, sounding strangely on that alien

soil:

"Oh! the days of the Kerry dancing, Oh! the ring of the piper's tune, Oh! for one of those hours of gladness, Gone, alas! like our youth too soon." He heaves a sigh of sadness as he ends the tender words, but Terry chases away the momentary fit by his rendering of the remainder:

> "Was there ever a sweeter cailin In the dance than Eily Moore? Or a prouder lad than Thady As he boldly took the floor?"

He stops suddenly and turns to his companion and speaks: "It is a strange coincidence, that the names in the ballad should be similar to your own and Eily Mulcahy's? I venture to predict the story of the song will repeat itself when you return to your mountain glen. And Thady, remember I'll be glad to dance at your wedding." With this pleasant bit of repartee he enters the rude hut, while Thady follows leisurely, his face brightening at his friend's words, and his thoughts dwelling on the fair picture the future paints for him in the dear homeland.

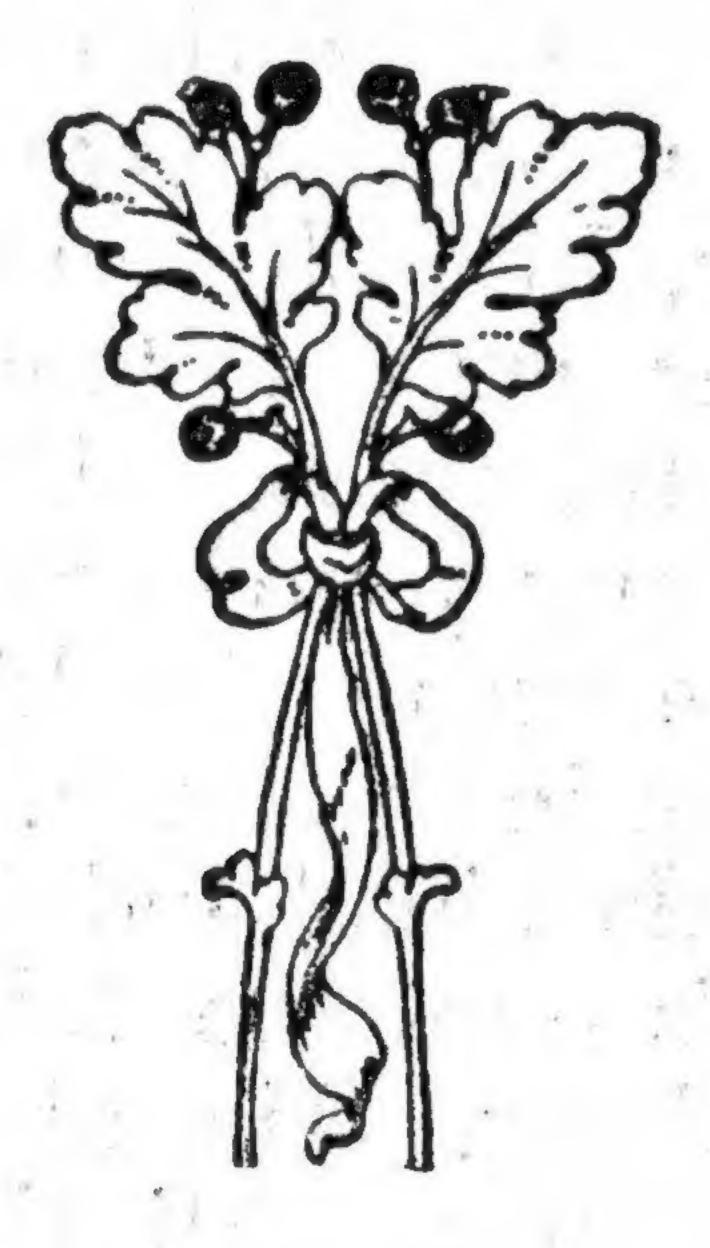
It is a month later and October is drawing to a close. The autumn season is disappearing amid wild gusts of wind and rain, and winter is heralding its approach with cutting blasts, in a manner worthy of its best traditions. Over Ballykeen, nightfall descends, enveloping the little village and the surrounding glens in inky darkness. In the homesteads the warm turf fires burn brightly, defying winter's arrival. In Tim Mulcahy's forge, there is only sorrow with broken hearts to keep it company. Since the day he got the agent's warning, things have gone from bad to worse with Tim and his. This is their last night in the old home, and their hearts are well nigh bursting at the thought of leaving it on the morrow. Their preparations are complete to remove to a distant cousin's, until such time as Tim will be able to work again at his trade. Around the hearth they sit in silence, where the fire is the only cheerful object in the little kitchen. Their state of lethargy is diverted by the sounds of the village car rumbling down the valley track. Outside the forge it stops. Immediately, a quick, rapid knocking brings the inmates to their feet. Eily hastens to the door, and drawing back the bolted bar, there steps inside a tall, bronzed young man who looks eagerly at the little group. His cries of "Mother, Eily, Tim, don't you know me?" leave them gaping at the stranger in blank amazement. Then, with "It's Thady, himself, sure enough, God bless him." Mrs. Mulcahy throws her arms around the wanderer's neck, and breaks suddenly into joyful tears. Thady's own eyes are misty, as he holds her in his strong young arms. Tim stands looking on, failing to recognise in the broad shouldered man, the once, slight lad who used to assist him in the forge. He doubts the evidence of his senses, until Thady takes his hands in his and wrings them long in a warm clasp. Eily's eyes are full of gladness as she shyly welcomes home the wanderer. The atmosphere of the little home undergoes a lightning change. All the sorrow that has gripped their heartstrings, now flies away in presence of their returned one. No reproaches pass their lips at his length of absence, only a deep contentment fills their hearts that he is in their midst again. Soon Eily is bustling around preparing refreshments for the traveller, while Thady sits near the blazing fire, recounting his travels to the astonished blacksmith and his wife.

"And now," he concludes, "I have taken home my little pile to spend it with you. But Tim, I have missed the glow of the forge as I drove along. And the village boys, where are they? The little home itself is changed, and things seem different to what they were."

Thady's words recall their troubles and bring poignantly to their minds what they have endured in the months that have passed. Mrs. Mulcahy tells him briefly of Tim's long illness, and the misfortunes that have befallen them. All that the glensmen could have spared," she says, "was generously given, but little could be expected from these hard-working toilers, who have just sufficient for their own existence. Our lease expired to-day, and unless it is renewed to-morrow, we must say farewell to the old home. A month ago the agent left his message, and already our preparations have begun to remove to a distant part of a neighbouring parish, where a cousin of Tim's has offered us a temporary home."

"Thank God," Thady exclaims, "I have come back in time to spare you the pain of parting with the forge. To-morrow I will see the agent and arrange matters to our mutual satisfaction. With the wealth I have earned we shall make improvements in the home, and I'll try to make the lot of the villagers a little happier, now that I'm settling in my native glen for good." His eyes seek Eily's as she invites him to the supper table, and what he reads there brings a look of happiness to his own, bidding hope blossom in his heart. It is pleasant to win her gratitude in this, their darkest hour, and to feel that he has helped to drive the clouds away.

Tim's fervent "God bless you, Thady," spoken faintly from a heart overflowing with emotion, leaves him deeply moved as he grips him by the hands, and Thady realises that the reward of all his toil is now being crowned in the presence of these happy hearts who have been gladdened by his home-coming. As they sit around the supper table, Mrs. Mulcahy declares there is not a happier home in Ireland than the forge in the glen.



Life of Father Charles, C.P

EDITED BY A PASSIONIST FATHER.

CHAPTER XII.—continued.

HEALING THE SICK.

A TTENDING the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Brown Street, Dublin, was a little girl named Norah Kavanagh, daughter of Mr. Matthew Kavanagh, in whose favour God deigned to work a miracle through the instrumentality of His servant. Up to her eighth year she had been a cripple, unable to speak, and was treated without avail in several of the city hospitals. Father Charles visited her home, and her helpless condition being indicated to him, he prayed over her, and told her to get up and walk. To the intense astonishment of her mother, who was in the same apartment, the child ran across the room, exclaiming, "It is God cured me," though up to that time she had neither walked nor spoken. She has had the perfect use of her legs ever since, and when the matter was being investigated, told us the story of her cure with singular intelligence.

Josephine Cassin, a young girl residing at Gardiner Street, Dublin, had been blind for three months, suffering from acute pains in her eyes, and had to be led about by the hand. Oculists were consulted, and remedies applied, with no beneficial result. On Sunday, May 1st, 1885, she was brought to Mount Argus, and received Father Charles' blessing. Great was her mother's joy the following morning on perceiving her daughter's sight restored; and though engaged in work which is very trying to the eyes, she has never since had the slightest symptom of her former affliction.

About the middle of the year 1887, Charles E. H. O'Brien, aged six years, of 31 Booterstown Avenue, Booterstown, received an injury to his right leg whilst playing. Some days afterwards the boy, not feeling well, was put to bed with symptoms of a feverish type. Subsequently an abscess developed at the seat of injury which affected the surrounding tissues, and burrowed deeply, so as to almost lay bare the bone. A leading surgeon was summoned, who examined, dressed, and treated the disease, but without success. Matters becoming serious, another doctor was called in, and the boy, instead of getting better, rapidly grew weaker and weaker, partly from his delicate years and partly from the absorption of septic matter from the ulcers. Ultimately, it was advised to amputate the leg, to which course the boy's mother would not consent, and for some days remained undecided what course to take—whether to have the operation performed, which, probably, might cost her dear son his life, or leave him maimed, or let nature take its course.

Fortunately, the lad had often heard the name of Father Charles, and a thought suddenly sprang up in his mind. "O, mamma," he exclaimed, "bring me to Father Charles; I am sure he will cure me." Mrs. O'Brien promptly brought the sufferer to Mount Argus. The holy priest prayed over the boy, and offered up a Mass for him, with the result that the leg was completely healed in a few days, and since that time he has been quite well and strong. When the two eminent men who saw the case at first

next examined the leg, it is asserted "they were spell-bound," and could scarcely realise what had occurred.

The late Father Sebastian, C.P., has left his testimony of the

following miracle which came under his notice:—

"Shortly," he states, "before we left the old house to come into the new Retreat, a boy about 12 years of age, having lost the use of his legs, was brought to me by his mother. I made no delay in calling Father Charles to bless him. Whilst Father Charles was blessing the boy, I put on my secular dress to go into Dublin. Great, indeed, was my surprise to find the little fellow walking in front of the house waiting for me, perfectly cured."

A Protestant, some years ago, came to one of the Passionist

Fathers, and said:—

"I am given over by the doctors, who say I am dying. If Father Charles will cure me I will believe in the Divinity of the Catholic Church."

Father Charles blessed him; he was cured of his disease; and, faithful to his promise, became a Catholic, and received his First Communion at Mount Argus.

The following statement was also made by the late Father

Sebastian, C.P.:—

"An educated and wealthy Quakeress and a rich Presbyterian gentleman, to my knowledge, came to Father Charles to be cured every time they became unwell instead of sending for a doctor. I often saw them at Mount Argus, and on one occasion gave the Quakeress my 'Manual of the Cross and Passion,' and 'Catholic Belief' to the Presbyterian, which they promised faithfully to

study. This Quakeress has since died a Catholic."

Mrs. Penfold, of 2 Bessboro' Parade, Rathmines, states that about thirty years ago she came in a cab to see Father Charles. She was utterly unable to walk, having to be carried to the cab when leaving her own home. For twelve months previously she had continually suffered excruciating pains from chronic rheumatism. Her days were spent in extreme anguish, to be succeeded by nights of weary wakefulness. Reduced to a fearful state of prostration, she consulted three physicians, but medical aid proved fruitless, the doctors declaring her case to be a hopeless one. Hearing of the wonders that Father Charles had wrought, she came to him full of faith, and besought his blessing, which he gave. She relates how the heart of the holy priest was moved to pity at the woebegone sight she presented, and taking her aside from the crowds that were clustering around him, spoke some kindly words to her, giving her a prayer to St. Paul of the Cross, desiring her to say it. Great was her surprise, and deep her gratitude to God and to the sanctified priest, when she found that nothing less than a miracle had been wrought in her behalf; for those limbs, which a moment before had been enervated with disease and racked by pain, had now, by a supernatural power, been restored and reinvigorated to healthy action. A new life came to her, and she, who had to be assisted into the church, now walked forth confiding in her strength, dismissed the cab, which was waiting, and with a heart full of joy proceeded homewards on foot. Arriving at her house, Mrs. Belton, her sister, could scarcely believe her eyes, that the chronic invalid who left the house that morning had been transformed into such a picture of health and vigour. The news of this remarkable incident soon became the all-absorbing topic of the neighbourhood, and did no little good in giving a fresh impetus to the faith of the people in Him, "Whose Mercy is above all His works."

Mrs. Redmond, 10 South Richmond Street, Dublin, testifies that about thirty years ago she accompanied a friend named Alice Day, who had been completely blind for three years, to Mount Argus, and there obtained Father Charles' blessing. On returning homewards Mrs. Redmond was astonished by her companion asking, "What streak is that?" meaning the canal; thereby intimating that she had recovered her sight. Miss Day's joy then became unbounded, she could not restrain her tears, and kneeling down, returned thanks to God. Her reappearance, completely cured, at Mrs. Redmond's house, caused great gladness and no little sensation.

Such are some instances of the extraordinary sanctity of this holy man; and it is a well-known fact that every time he gave his blessing, if no corporal advantage was derived, almost invariably some spiritual benefit was obtained. Whilst everyone marvelled at his wondrous power, whilst rich and poor were proclaiming his praises, the servant of God could never be induced to say one word of allusion to the things he did, but his brethren often overheard him (when he imagined himself in secret) saying:—
"After all my confessions, all my communions, all my Masses, I am full of sin."

(To be continued.)

TO JESUS CRUCIFIED.

DEAR Jesus, 'neath Thy Cross I kneel,
My heart with grief doth beat;
Each cruel wound I seem to feel
Of Thy dear hands and feet:
The piercing lance in Tny dear side
Those dreadful stripes Thou'st bore,
'Twas sin, alas! that crucified
The Lord whom I adore.

For every blow that hammer gave
Upon Mount Calvary,
What agony! dear Lord, to save
And bring our souls to Thee.
For every stripe, I heave a sigh,
For every thorn, a tear,
In sorrow at Thy feet I cry:
"Forgive me, Saviour dear!"

Ah! Thou did'st suffer to the last
Redemption to fulfil,
And suffering thus, Thy spirit passed
To do Thy Father's will.
Dear Jesus, to Thy Cross I cling,
Thy sorrows pierce my breast,
My life is Thine, my God, my King!
Do with it what is best!

Tom Moore's Cottage Home.

BY JOHN P. GUNNING.

TNDER date 11th October, 1817, Moore writes thus to his mother: My dearest Mother—Bessy, who went off the night before last to look at the cottage near Lord Lansdowne's, is returned this morning, after travelling both nights. Power went with her. She is not only satisfied but delighted with it, which shows the humility of her taste, as it is a small thatched cottage, and we get it furnished for £40 a year! This is cheap, God knows.—Your own son,

Again, he writes to Mr. Power under date 19th November, 1817: My dear Sir-We are arrived safe, and are in possession: all looks as if we were likely to be very snug. Our maids (servants being always the hardest to please) look a little sulky at the loneliness of the place, but, I daresay they will soon get reconciled.

I am just sallying out to my walk in the garden with my head full of words for the melodies. You shall have them as I do

them.—Ever yours, T. Moore.

In this cottage home at Sloperton, Moore lived thirty-five years. When he died there in 1852 the sun of prosperity and freedom was not rising, as he had hoped it would rise, to light the hills and valleys of the land he loved, but amid a scene whose chief features on shore were men and women dying from starvation, and on sea the coffin-ship flying with its terror-stricken freight from a land of

misery and pestilence.

It was in the quietness of this home that he wrote his Irish Melodies—the most tuneful body of song in any language. Their passion, their burning bursts of feeling, their haunting charm and rhythm embody the soul of our race, as no other poetry can. However, it must be admitted that at the time in which he wrote and lived, his poetry would have been less inspired—would have caught less quickly the ear of the world—if he had not been a Nationalist and a Roman Catholic! for, after all, it is devotion to a tried and suffering cause, not to a favoured and prosperous one that makes great poetry. Nevertheless, Moore's poetry is a national possession, and it is the right of no Irishman to deny to any other Irishman a share in honouring the bard of Ireland who, doubtless, was one of the first Irishmen to compel England to listen to the story of Ireland's sufferings and Ireland's wrongs. Moore's melodies were sung all over England as well as in Ireland, and were as familiar in the halls of the English nobles as in the peasant homes of Ireland. During Moore's life-time many Englishmen, who had influence over the hearts and minds of their countrymen seem to have learned first from his poetry and his unfailing and dauntless expression of his patriotic feelings, and his denunciations of those who sought to maintain Ireland's servitude, a true understanding of the manner in which the people of Ireland had long been oppressed; and an understanding also with which the fellow-countrymen of the poet regarded the oppression. Moore, through the medium of song proclaimed the wrongs and sufferings of his country with an ardour as unflinching and as resolute as could be shown

had he been a warrior in an early battlefield resisting the invasion

of his native land by a foreign army.

Doubtless, Moore knew that some of the worst political systems have been maintained for a time by statesmen who, nay, conscientiously believed that such systems were beneficial for whom they were put into operation. He saw that among English aristocratic statesmen there were men of the type of Lord Byron, who were not only in sympathy with Irish national aspirations, but great friends of human liberty. Even Lord John Russell had already begun to see that Ireland was not to be dealt with as a high mettled horse by force and coercion but by suasion and sympathy.

Anyhow, it cannot be gainsaid that the notes for freedom in the exercise of religion, as in politics, he awakened, will long survive him, and go ringing down the future, chanting, as it were, an undying requiem for the poet whose most precious gifts, during his long life of beautiful devotion, were laid at the shrine of Faith and

Fatherland!

It was in this home, too, that he gave to the world his celebrated work, "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion," in which the poet maintains with great cogency of reasoning and profound research, that in the Roman Catholic Church, and in it only, was the true religion to be found; or, to quote some of his own beautiful language in his summing up, "Hail, then to thee, thou one and only true Church which art alone the way of life; and to whose tabernacle alone there is shelter from all confusion of tongues! In the shadow of thy sacred mysteries let my soul henceforth repose, remote alike from the infidel who scoffs at their darkness, and the rash believer who vainly would pry into its recesses saying to both in the language of St. Augustine, 'Do you reason while I wonder, do you dispute while I believe; and, beholding the heights of Divine Power, forbear to approach its depths!"

Near Sloperton is the little village of Bromham, in whose graveyard Moore lies buried. Many Irishmen regard Devizes as being the spot where the remains of Moore lie. This misconception is probably due to the well-known lines of Denis F. MacCarthy, in

his poem:--

"A green sward rises O'er thy sward Devizes, Where Moore lies sleeping from his land afar." Bromham, as a matter of fact, is five miles from Devizes.

When in the summer of 1892, while living at Marlborough in Wiltshire, I visited Sloperton and found Moore's cottage much the same as when the poet lived there. The house is an irregular two-storied building of three gables, and two porches, the walls of which are thickly overgrown with ivy. When Moore became tenant he built a wing to the residence. Having brought some ivy from the Hill of Tara he trained the plant to spread its leaves round the new portion, so as to harmonize with the other parts of the house. The drawingroom, where Moore entertained his many friends with music and song, is situated on the ground floor, and if the walls of this room could only speak what tales of revelry and wit they could tell? Opposite it is the diningroom where, probably, he received the brothers Griffin in 1832, when they were deputed by the electors of Limerick to ask Moore to become their

representative in the British House of Commons—a favour the poet politely declined. It is well, perhaps, that he did so, and that he did not thus openly attach himself to party. No good man can do it with impunity. The best men will suffer most because the conviction of their cause lies deeper. And how much more must be the sufferings when one, with the sensibility of a poet like Moore, throws himself into the excitements of fierce, political struggle. The endowment of feeling and imagination which qualifies him to be the ideal interpreter of life wholly unfits him for participation in that life where imagination and feeling are misplaced. He must inevitably go under in a flame of fire.

At the back of the cottage is a terraced walk, sheltered on one side by a laurel hedge. From this walk the poet frequently watched the setting sun—a sight, we are told, he rarely ever missed, so dear to him "was the hour when daylight dies." While walking in this shady seclusion he composed many of his songs, a fact

already alluded to in his letter to Mr. Power.

Near Sloperton Cottage, as we have said, is the little village churchyard of Bromham, where Moore "lies sleeping from his land afar." His grave, enclosed by high railings, is situated at the north side of the church, and is covered by a long, flat stone, bearing the following inscription:-

> Anastasia Mary Moore, born March 16, 1813, died March 8, 1829; also her Brother,

John Russell Moore, who died November, 23rd, 1842, aged 19 years.

And their father, Thomas Moore. Tenderly beloved by all who knew the goodness of his heart. The poet and patriot of his country, Ireland: Born, May, 28th, 1779. Sank to rest, February 25th, 1852. Aged 72. God is love.

Also his wife, Bessy Moore, who died 4th September, 1865. And to the memory of their dear son,

Thomas Lansdowne Parr Moore; born, 24th October, 1818: died in Africa, January, 1846.

It may be within the memory of many of your readers that a beautiful, stately Celtic Cross—an exact model of that of Monasterboice—was erected by the bard's admiring fellow-countrymen in November, 1906.

It was on one of the roads near this cottage home, while taking a little recreation, during one of the poet's lucid and rational intervals which often gave hope of recovery (Moore was at the time suffering from softening of the brain), he met the priest of the mission, who asked him in a kindly and persuasive way about the performance of his Easter duty. "As the time is now drawing to a close, and if you have not yet complied with the observance of the Church in this respect," says the priest, "I shall be pleased to give you any help within my power." "Indeed," replied Moore, "I have been long desiring to do which you require of me, and I will now think seriously of it, but come over and dine with me tomorrow, and you shall find me in the right frame of mind." The priest accepted the invitation, and called at Sloperton Cottage the next day at the hour appointed. Mrs. Moore met him in great

trepidation at the door, threw up her hands and exclaimed, "Oh! my God, what have you done to cause the present state of my poor husband. Since he told me he met you he is in a constant state of delirium, and is now in bed too ill to see anybody." Nevertheless, the priest was admitted to the poet's bedroom, and, to his great sorrow, found Moore in an unconscious state. The inference the priest drew was, that the effort of preparation for a general confession was too much for the poor bard's weak memory, and caused the result so much to be deplored.

This incident in itself should silence for ever those vendors of religious calumny who have, again and again reviled the name and fame of Moore, by charging him with religious apostasy or calumniating the creed which he did so much to exalt and advance in the

sunshine of religious liberty.

As I stood on that bright, summer evening twenty-seven years ago, by the poet's grave, I thought of his long unblemished lifeblameless as a patriot, and blameless as a man—of his fidelity in friendship, of his single-minded devotion to parents, wife and children; of his simplicity of character, and his great patience in affliction, of his unbounded confidence in God's mercy which made him, on his death-bed, murmur with a truly Catholic faith-"Bessie, trust in God." As I thought of that legacy of beautiful song, and that treasure of inimitable prose-work, powerful and cutting, which would rank him as a great writer, even if he had not been a great poet, both of which express, as nothing else could, all the elemental feelings of our patriotism and our faith.

I was awakened from my reverie by the chime of bells from the tower of the church which Moore has immortalised by the

following lines:—

"Those evening bells, those evening bells, How many a tale their music tells Of youth and home, and that sweet time When first I heard their evening chime! Those joyous hours have passed away, And many a heart that then was gay Within the tomb now darkly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tuneful peal will still ring on, While other bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet evening bells."

I was loath to leave this place of reverent associations. As the sun was sinking I turned away from this hallowed ground; and as I was wending my way homeward through rich pasture-land and flower-spangled fields, I thought of the poem of W. L. Bowlesthe parson-poet, a neighbour of Moore's:—

> "If this is the cottage! before I pass by, Let me stop for a minute, and gaze with a sigh, For silent and sad is the social retreat, Where the wild harp of Erin once echoed so sweet. I thought of the bard in a far distant land, Who waked all the chords with his magical hand; I thought of the child that with innocent glee, So often had welcomed my pony and me!

As it closed had remember'd 'poor Tom' far away. Then looked at her babe on an evening like this, And blessing it, mingled a tear with a kiss!

Now, all are departed!—yet roses still bloom

O'er the porch and the casement of that silent room,
Where late the rich cadence of harmony rung,
As the minstrel the sad harp of Solyma strung.

Oh. soon may we meet, and soon listen again,
Forget every cross to the eloquent strain!

But enough, for the eve, by yon star waxes late—
So I spurred on my bonny brown pad from the gate."

FLOWERS.

I

The studied art of countless years
Is but a gloomy shadow
Beside the smallest flower that blooms
Unnoticed in a meadow.

II.

Of all created things, Sweet Flowers!
God made you most sublime,
And cast you on the earth to hide
Man's blood-stained tracks of crime.

III.

To hide men's crime and shame their pride,
And keep their spirits humble,
You bloom in every land and clime
When faded cities crumble.

IV.

Stars of the Earth! Alike you grow
To gladden king or slave,
In palace, park, or woodland path,
Or on a pauper's grave.

 \mathbf{V}_{\cdot}

The noblest altars men can build
To honour their Creator,
Appear inadequate and bare
'Till Flowers make them the greater!

VI.

Oh, would we learn what you could teach,
As out of death you shine;
On every petal plainly writ—
'Who made us is Divine!'

E. A. MAGINN.

Annals of the Poor.

BY ALICE DEASE.

S there no one to meet me, Sister? Didn't they know I was coming out to-day?"

"I am afraid there is no one, Mrs. Moloney." The Sister in charge of the fever hospital looked so distressed and embarrassed that her very appearance warned the freshly-discharged patient that something was wrong.

"What is it?" she asked quickly. "For God's sake, Sister,

tell me what is wrong?"

"Mr. Moloney," faltered the Sister.

"John is it? Oh! my God. He got the fever, too, then?"
"That's it, Mrs. Moloney. You see when you were ill we did

not want to throw you back with bad news."

"And he's in hospital himself?"

"He—he was."

There was a silence, but Mrs. Moloney understood, and, without a sound she fell back on the bench in the Sister's room, where she had been summoned to appear before going home. The Sister, expecting such a collapse, was ready with restoratives, but almost instantly Mrs. Moloney sat up again.

"Did he have the priest?" her voice was strained and harsh, and the Sister nodded her head. "What's the childer about?"

"The neighbours have seen to them, Mrs. Moloney. They are expecting you. But it will be such a home-coming for you. Oh! you poor thing. I have told Nurse Whelan to go back in the

The Sister was accustomed to sad scenes in her daily life at the great city fever hospital, but nothing sadder had ever come in her way than the tragedy of the Moloneys. Such a good, hardworking couple who had managed to keep a comfortable home for their five children; first the mother, and then the father was struck down with typhus, to which the latter had succumbed, and now the widow, still weak from her illness, had to face the world and support her children alone. It would be a hard struggle, a heroic fight for her, but she faced it the right way. She had lost the best of husbands, but God had taken him, and He knew what was best.

In this spirit she went back to the home which had soon to be vacated for a much smaller, much poorer one, but, as she always said, "God is good," and she was fortunate in securing a tiny cottage—her dread had been a tenement room—where she could keep the children together, and the Sisters at the convent school, where all but the baby attended, daily gave her work, that with the few pence the two elder children were able to earn after school hours, kept the little family from want.

At least they could manage in the summer weather, but as the autumn drew on the Widow Moloney cast many an anxious thought to her coal bill in the winter. They could manage with very little, but even that little was such a price. There are charitable organisations that help such cases, but Mrs. Moloney was never one to beg, at least not from earthly givers. Daily she begged from God for all, both spiritual and temporal, what she and the children needed, and every night before the statue of the Sacred Heart, for

ANNALS OF THE POOR.

it was enthroned in her new home as It had been in her old, she made the children pray for all their wants in general, but for an extra bag of coal to come to them now and again, in particular. And as the days of October crept by another very pressing need forced itself upon her. The priest at the church which the Moloneys always attended had said a Mass for John Moloney's soul, and it was an added heartache to the widow that she could afford no more, she could only manage, in spite of all her work, to offer up daily Mass for her husband as often as she possibly could; but now with November at hand she felt she scarcely dared to spare anything from her weekly output to have her John's name put on the list of the dead for public prayers.

The nightly prayers and the October Rosary were all offered up for these two special intentions, an addition to the winter coal store, and some means of adding John Moloney's name to the chapel list of the dead, without having actually to ask charity

to do so.

A blast of real winter weather, ushering in the month of November, brought home to the Moloneys their needs, both temporal and spiritual. Had the weather been less cold, Mrs. Moloney would have managed to spare a shilling from her weekly bills, but now it was not only coal that was needed. Johneen could never continue running his after-school errands without a new pair of boots, and both the little school-going girls had need of warmer clothes to keep away the chilblains that were already

tingling on their finger tips.

It was a Saturday, the last day of October, and on the morrow the dead list would be given out from the pulpit at St. Joseph's. Mrs. Moloney had a bit of sewing to finish at the convent before her week's work would be done, and, brave heart though she had, she could not keep her eyes quite free from tears, as the needle flew in out of her work, she had counted so surely on an answer to those prayers. It was hard, very hard to say from her heart, as well as with her lips, that splendid ejaculation, "Welcome be the Will of God," but repeating it over and over with her lips, she meant it, with all the force of her will as though she could not feel that she wished things as they were.

She had almost finished her task when Sister Paula, who had given her the work to do, entered the room with her weekly payment, "and Mrs. Moloney," she continued, after paying the money, I have been given the price of a bag of coal, and I thought of you this bitter weather." The Sister held five shillings

out. "That's the price of a bag, is it not?"

'It is, then, and may God's blessing, and the blessing of a widow woman be upon you and upon those that gave it, "said Mrs. Moloney. "God knows, Sister dear, God only knows how I've prayed for this." And the tears that misfortune could not bring, came to show how heartfelt was her gratitude. For a moment as she held the money in her hand the widow wondered if she could bring herself to ask if a shilling could go to the list of the dead, but, knowing that the Sister would very likely refuse the sacrifice, she held her tongue, and going quickly out, she almost ran to the shop where only the week before she had spent another five shillings upon just such a similar bag of coal.

"A bag of coal, Mrs. Moloney Very good, ma'am. No, not five shillings this week. 'Tis down for a wonder, but you're lucky

to get it, for any day 'tis up again it will be."

The bag of coal was hers, and a shilling lay in the palm of her hand. John—the dead list—the offering was hers. The thoughts flashed through her brain, but as quickly came the remembrance of Sister Paula's words, "the price of a bag of coal," and the price this week was a shilling less than last. She had made up her mind that she would not beg for a free place on the dead list for John; but this was different. It was begging, perhaps, and no one of her name had ever been an "asker." But John-John's poor soul, maybe in Purgatory yet——"

Her resolution was made. Pride was set aside, and, returning with the shilling to Sister Paula, she showed her the shilling.

"It was but four shillings for the bag, Sister, but, oh! may I have the other for to put John's name on the list of the dead." The words were out, but for a moment Sister Paula was silent. Then, in a whisper, "take it," she said.

And so their prayers were heard. Afterwards she told me the story.

"She is a heroine that woman," she said vehemently. "A saint, and when she dies, if she doesn't go straight to Heaven-" she could not go on, but, quoting the poet, we express both her feeling and our own:

> "And if she doesn't see glory bright, God pity the likes o' we."

BEAUTIFUL BLUEBELLS.

EAUTIFUL Bluebells, from your campanile Shall never chime if fairy music sweep out on the wind. And must that dainty aisle and bell tower ever solemn silence keep, and shall that taciturn loft beguile us only unto silence and to sleep.

I would I were a scholar versed in hue so heavenly. Oh! would I were a wise and sapient student of the azure skies. The text I doubt not holdeth something new and wonderful if I had but the clue.

Beautiful Bluebells, yet is there a voice that sings ensouciante where the Bluebells grow, forbidding grief commanding all rejoice. Still, the Bluebells in a silent row stand smiling in the sun. How shall we know the language of these flowers? which speak so low.

Beautiful Bluebells, I would gladly gain a knowledge of your tongue and speak it too, But who can snatch the fires that strike through rain? or make a language out of glaucous blue? But who shall this interpret unto me the colour clue of the vocabulary. Beautiful Bluebells, your own language speak by all means. Let me listen and be meek. PHILIP FRANCIS LITTLE.

An Scott Anir.

Seán—Mac é an reall é na laeteannta raoine beit caitte asur rinne tan n-air an reoil anir?

Séamur—Ní mait tiom é act oinead asur ir mait teat réin é, a Seáin; ac cao é an maitear beit as caint? Díonn deine te sac tá, asur le sac raoine.

Seán—Ir ríon ran, ac man rin réin nuain a cuimniseann ouine an na laeteannta áilne coir rainnse asur an rpónt so léin asur sac ao' nuo ní hionsnao uaisnear beit ain asur—

Séamur—Ó read, ac dá mbead laeceannta raoine aguinn i scómhuí, ó ceann ceann na bliana, san aon obain an bit le déanam asuinn, conur a bead an rcéal?

Seán—Ó ní beimír rárta ac an oinear, ir róca. Man rin réin, ir róis tiom sun coin taeteannta raoine beit asuinn on rcoit sac mí.

Séamur—Ir beat oibre beat véanta atuinn at veine na bliana atur laeteannta raoire beit atuinn tat mí.

Sean-Conur ran?

Séamup—(as sáipide)—tell, réad opt réin asur opin-ra anoir. Táimíd leirceamail tap éir na laeteannta raoipe asur bíomap díomadh rul ap tánadap; ní réadraimír aon obaip a déanam ad as cuimneam opta. Dá mbead laeteannta raoipe asunn sad mí beimír díomadin i scomnuí, idip leirce asur mío-ruainear.

Seán—D'féidip an ceapt do beit azat, a mic ó, ac ní feadap mé.

Séamur—féac an na vaoine paròbre nac mbionn pioc orbre le véanam aca. An mearann tú 50 vruiliv níor rláinteamla ná rinne, nó níor ruainearaise 'na n-aiseantaiv?

Sean-Millo, maire!

Séamup—Azup cao'na taob? Man bíon taeteannta paoine 1 5commuí aca, san paic le véanam ip san aon cúpam in ao' con opta, asup vá bhís pin ní baineann piav ptéipiún ná páptact ap aon niò.

Sean-Mi féacann riao pó-átarac aon uain, pé'n ooman é.

Séamup—Ní péacann, man ní bíonn an t-átap 'na schoiótib. Ip peann i brao oo duine beit as obain an a diceall an pead tamaill mait asup cúnam na hoibne beit anuar ain so thom. Annrin, nuain a tasann an paoine, atanú an pao ipead é asur baineann an duine pléiriún ar, asur deineann re ánd-maitear dó. Deid a fior ran asat um Nodlais nuain a beid an raoine asat apír.

Seán—17 mait an reap tú, a Séamuir! Oo cuipir puais ap a nteirce. Seo cuis na h-oibpe i n-ainm Oé!

muiris na móna



A Literary Circle for Young Readers of "The Cross."

Conducted by FRANCIS.



RULES OF THE GUILD.

- I. The Guild of Blessed Gabriel is a literary circle open to boys and girls under 18 years of age.
- II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to Blessed Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity, and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.
- III. They will at all times observe the conditions under which the competitions will be held.
- IV. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of Blessed Gabriel.

HERE are many things of which I might speak to you here to-day—the long winter nights, the joys of Christmas that will soon be with us, the reading of good books, the singing of spirited songs—but one topic only will I mention. It is—the souls of our dead. I have pleaded for them with my boys and girls many a time before, and once more I ask your frequent prayers, not alone during the month of November—their special month—but throughout the year, and all through your lives for the souls that are suffering agony of which we have not the faintest idea, while, perhaps, the united prayers of all the Guild members during one week would set a score of them free and bring them into the light and peace and joy of Heaven! Remember them at least during this coming month—your own dead, Ireland's dead, and last, but by no means least, nobody's dead—the poor souls that

have not one in all the world to say a prayer for them. Pray for them often and fervently that God may release them from their prison of woe and allow them to gaze upon the glory of His Face in the kingdom of Heaven.

MY POSTBAG

A couple of letters did not reach me in time to be mentioned in last month's Guild. One was a bright and breezy epistle from Eilis Ni Riain, who is always a welcome visitor and comes all too seldom. How does she know how Francis looks, either when he smiles or frowns? So many things does Eilis say in this letter that I'm beginning to think she's fond of a joke and likes to be teasing staid old fogeys like myself. Let her beware! The other late comer last month was Nora Daly, of Cork, who desires to join us here in our monthly Ceilidh. She is heartily welcome, and I trust she will come regularly. Her verses do not rhyme well, and are not up to publication standard. She must watch her spelling very carefully. "Here is a letter from one of your members who has lived in the shadows of forgetfulness for the past three months," writes Josie McGuinness, but sure I'm so glad to hear from her again that I cannot think of scolding her. Her little sketch is very nicely written. Ada O'Neill has not forgotten us in the new sphere of work to which she has been called, and her interest in The Cross and the Guild is as keen as ever. I trust she will find time to write to her old friend Francis now and then. H. May Kennelly has coaxed a new member into the Guild this month. Her name is Bridget Stack, and she is welcome for her friend's sake as well as for her own. I was very sorry to learn from her sister of B. M. O'Neill's illness, and trust that by this time she is as full of energy as ever. It was good of her to have a letter written when she was unable to write one herself. John. M. Fogarty gives expression to the joy which came to him with his unexpected prize. It was well deserved. Eilis Ni Mhaoil Eoin writes a most interesting letter, in the course of which she tells me that she spent a term at the Omeath Irish College this year, being one of those who carried off scholarships offered by the Beann Eadair branch of the Gaelic League. Maith an cailin i! Her sister, Maire, is heartily welcome to a place in the Guild. The spirit of the verses sent in by Eilis is excellent, but the execution is very faulty, the rhyming being poor. She must try many times yet before she can hope to appear in print. Eibhlin Ni Chuana, our little friend in London, is delighted with her prize. It has been the means of making her resolve to work harder in the future for her dear Mother Eire. Many thanks to Teresa McManus for her interesting letter. It gladdened my heart to learn that no less than twenty girls from Belfast won scholarships this year entitling them to a free holiday in an Irish College. Béal Feirsde Abu! Here is portion of a long letter from Lilian Mary Nally:—

"Please express my deep gratitude to Rita Carlos for her beautiful words of appreciation. I feel entirely undeserving of such praise, or, indeed, of any praise, but still Rita's lovely thoughts bring a gust of warm feeling for the dear writer to my heart. I enclose a little poem

which I venture to dedicate to her."

To Rita.

Oft in the dusk when the shadows fall, And all the old world is softly grey, Out from the gloaming I hear her call A spirit friend.

In dreams thro' the winding vales of time
She comes astealing, and gathers near,
And fills my heart with a joy sublime—
My spirit friend.

Oh, God, keep a little nook above,
For those to memory and heart most dear,
And grant I may meet in the land of love,
My spirit friend.

Lilian Mary Nally.

What a grand spirit of friendship and comradeship has sprung to life and blossomed in the garden of the Guild. May it never die:

A Song of Hope.

TO NINA.

If the sun were always shining, if the clouds were always gold,
If the fragile flowers never died, if hearts were never cold;
If the lone sea-waves were dancing gay from rosy dawn till eve,
Ah! where would be the bright, bright thoughts that hope can ever
weave?

Then what though the dusk of night be dreary?
Soon will gleam the dawn.
What though thy faltering footsteps weary?
Struggle hopeful on.

If the way of life were pleasant, if its charms were always new,
If the song of wind and wave and bird, if friends were ever true;
If earth were always fairer than the starry Throne of God,
Ah! where would be the hope that springs from every chastening
rod?

Then what though grief of mind oppress thee?
Gloom will soon be gone.
What though sad-lipped care caress thee?
Hope thou on and on.

Rita Carlos.

Our Irish Rivers.

Your heart may roam through distant lands,
Where flashing rivers flow,
But never will they be so grand
As where the shamrocks grow.

Oh! look a-down the wooded glen,
And by the cottage door,
And see the pulsing river flow,
And hear its magic roar!

And hear the music of its waves,
Which touch the bending trees,
And hear how soft its murmurs fly
Upon the laughing breeze.

And watch it through the woodlands pour,
As on the "logs" it breaks,
And watch it with a magic sweep
Construct its crystal lakes.

And hear it tell in murmured tones
The story of the past—
Of tears that fell, of honour bright,
Sincere unto the last.

Oh! listen to the music soft!
Oh! see the shamrocks grow!
Then keep the place within your heart,
Where Irish Rivers flow.

Seosaimhin Nic Chathmhaoil.

IMPORTANT

(1) All newcomers will please write a personal note to Francis apart from their competition papers, asking to be admitted to membership of the Guild. (2) Always put your name and address on your competition paper, whether you send a letter or not. (3) Orders for copies of "The Cross" and all other business letters are to be addressed to the Manager.

THE AWARDS

I.—Members over 12 years.

The prize for the best contribution is awarded to Rita Carlos, Convent Terrace, Ballina, Co. Mayo, whose "Song of Hope" will be read with pleasure.

II.—Members under 12 years.

The prize for the best little letter on any subject is awarded to Rita Merris, 108 Dufferin Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down

CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS

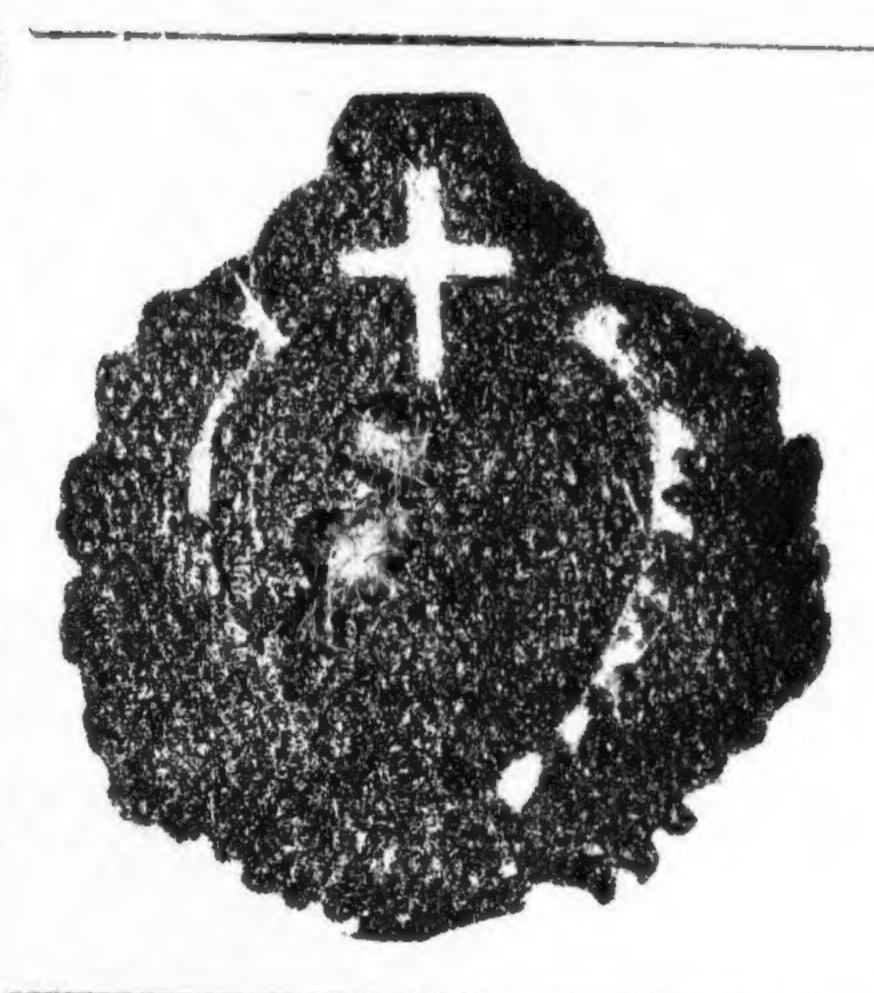
For Members over 12 and under 18 years of age.

Two prizes will be awarded for the two best compositions on Christmas, in prose or verse.

II.—For Members under 12 years of age.

Two prizes will be awarded for the two best letters to Santa Claus.

Competitors will please remember the following rules:—All competition papers must be certified by some responsible person to be the unaided and original work of the sender. They must have attached to them the coupon to be found in this issue (one coupon will be sufficient for all the members of a family). They must be sent so as to reach the office of "The Cross" not later than November 14th. All letters to be addressed:—Francis, c/o "The Cross," St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.



COUPON

Blessed Gabriel's Guild

THE CROSS, NOV., 1919,

His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. bestows the Apostolic Benediction on The Cross and praises its work

The following is a translation of a letter addressed to the Editor of "THE CROSS" by His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State:—

The Vatican,

Secretariate of State of His Holiness

March 9, 1918.

REVEREND FATHER,

The Sovereign Pontiff has received with pleasure the numbers of the monthly periodical—"The Cross"—which, collected into an elegant volume, you have piously presented at His Throne in token of your devout and filial homage, at the same time begging the Apostolic Blessing for the contributors to this excellent publication and for its readers.

I am happy to inform you that His Holiness, grateful for your pious tribute, has been pleased to grant with paternal charity the blessing you request, so that the periodical continuing with increasing zeal its salutary apostolate in the bosom of Christian families may rescue from shipwreck ever increasing numbers of the brethren and may bind them indissolubly to the Cross of Christ, the sole plank of salvation and of life, the symbol of peace, and the source of all true civil progress.

In conveying to your Reverence these gracious sentiments of the Pontiff, I have pleasure in subscribing myself,

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

P. CARD. GASPARI